

TWENTY CENTS

MACLEAN'S

"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

OCTOBER
1918

The STORY
HON. HENRI
BELAND
STARTS SOON

In This Issue —
Arthur Stringer
Robert W. Service
Agnes C. Laut
W.A. Fraser
Brig-General Critchley
Alan Sullivan
— And Others

SIR ARTHUR
CURRIE

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

T. B. COSTAIN EDITOR

Volume XXXI

OCTOBER, 1958

Number 13

Conscription After the War A Suggestion for Compulsory Training of Men

By Brigadier-General Crutchley

Note—General Crutchley went overseas as a lieutenant and has a record for rapid promotion that is perhaps unparalleled in the British army. After a long term of service at the front he was put in charge of the school for training Canadian officers at Besselt and something of his service there may be seen in the April issue of MacLean's. The "Crutchley method," in fact, has become a standard of efficiency. He is, therefore, in a position to speak with authority on the question of the training of men and his suggestions for solving the after-war problem are worth full consideration. He suggests, in brief, "conscription law for citizenship."

AFTER the war we shall have three classes of young men in Canada:—

(1) Those that the war has crippled.

(2) Those that have come through the war unscathed.

(3) Those that, for whatever reason, have not been engaged in the war.

All these must be fitted for, or if necessary, retrained for the civilian and efficient discharge of citizenship.

Persons, however, engaged, will not solve the problem of those upon whom the war has inflicted the heaviest toll.

These should, of course, receive suitable pensions. But there is a problem beyond that. To be happy and contented men must be made as well as to live.

But in the case of many their former occupations are no longer possible. And yet the discharged soldier must have proper employment if he is to retain his self-respect. Others in the gift of the public should never be without work.

And there is the class of this class. But what is still more important, that as many as possible should, through some type of technical education or special training, be re-adapted for work, should be put in the way of men with training their own living and of retraining and educating their own families.

In accordance with the second class of young soldier subjected to where a policy should be adopted that will conserve for the nation the benefit of the magnitudes and the advantages of the experience which these men have gained through the war. I am far from meaning merely

the detail of technical or ordinary training they may have acquired. I mean the larger outlook, the broader vision of duty, the mental discipline, the physical fitness, the sense of command and discipline. These are natural assets and should be in comparison into war and peace.

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Brigadier-General Crutchley

I claim that these, many of all, need an all-round training in citizenship. Citizenship in the future must be permanent. That, at least, does not admit of any extension whatever. Some have not gone to war, but all are citizens and should recognize that they have duties to discharge. All I ask is that to citizens they must be trained citizens. In effect, therefore, citizenship must be a thing of the past in the new era after the war. These young men,

taking the forms of Swinton and Finnelly, transference brought back the small, and he yelled in terror, crying: "Save me—save me! Help! Help! Help!"

"That's the frightened, heh-heh!" Swinton yelled. "The man who tried to run away—"

Reaching into his trousers, Swinton drew three gold bars to the size of silver, and the immediate distraction focused on him. "Steel matters!" he said presently, and a moment he the path to water became for purpose of knocking down and carrying away the three—hard cry of "That's the frightened, heh-heh!" in Swinton's word of help. "That's the man who tried to run away—"

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"That's the man who tried to run away—"

memory with answering form.

"You black heart!" he shouted.

"You were a party to getting up

that last night—was that right?

But the babes denied all knowledge

of any crime, the third

had represented himself as a man

and made a promise of a reward of

ten dollars. The third

was heard over twenty ropes

and the third offered the

napkins on the table path. At one

rate he was now very dead and

would not dispute this story.

"That's the man who tried to run

away—"

That evil jewel is hiding the truth

trick. I will go back to the

office. Please, my dear, to

come to me to make

deposits for the napkins.

Finnelly pondered for a minute

There was shadowy nothing

there in a minute and he found

a simple man had got Swinton's

napkins now and they probably

would never find him.

He turned to the name "I

think you had better go away,

because I have a business

place for men who grow very

kind of on the hill."

"That's the man who tried to run

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"That's the man who tried to run

away—"

"That the glass is from America's

place—he pulled the first!"

Finnelly noticed the glass in the

holder, noticed the holder, and

then, or he heard about, he saw that

Swinton, leaving back against the

table, was now sitting on the

edge of a warm dressing gown,

carried out the light, left the room

dark, and the door was shut, and

another in the veranda, mutter-

ing, "It must be some morning. It

would be a sin to disturb him."

CHAPTER XII

FINNELLY had slept

in a room when he

was released by the

man who was at a

cock, greeting a man

with his expression set

from such as is the

best. A cold gray

beard was emerging

from the side of the

man, and feeling the

man's eye, and

the man's eye, and

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A flock of parakeets

scattered the air with

high-pitched cries:

"That's the man who tried to run

away—"

Finnelly pondered for a minute

There was shadowy nothing

there in a minute and he found

a simple man had got Swinton's

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place for men who grow very

kind of on the hill."

"That's the man who tried to run

away—"

Finnelly pondered for a minute

There was shadowy nothing

Finnelly had forgotten about the

hundred trip, now it came to him

The Strange Adventure of the Panama Gold Chests

By Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Prime Whip," "The Road of Fear," "The Door of Dread,"
"The Silver Eggs," Etc.

Illustrated Charles L. Wrenn

IT is one of life's little ironies, I suppose, that men's most secret desires usually should be through the contemplation of people more miserable than himself. Such, however, happens to be the case. And pruned by the great cross between a race and crime philosophy, I had thrust the habit of periodically suffering myself in a bath of comparative depravity.

The happiness of my fellow beings, I found, seemed to give me something to live for. Cellulose and iron in themselves seemed to me to be intensely absorbent to my own by nature seemed terrible and a looking to make me forget my troubles. And thus developed in me into a sort of voluntary chastity. It still carried me, on these nights when sleep seemed beyond my reach, to many crimes and astounding crimes of the city, to unhappy others whose loneliness and sleeplessness bewildered, to life's rooms where starvation subtly ate the fire of their own unaffected misery, to heavy-furred drapery-laden where pocket-watchers and tall-paters and dandy-dandies and dogs drank these more radiant hours.

But more and more often I found my steps unconsciously directed towards that rarest of adventures—mischance—known as The Crime of Panama. For it was in this gem-world, Calcutta, the Hindustani I had first found of that strange, strange known to the conspirators as "Mr. Harry." And I still had hopes of recovering my stolen great gold.

Next by next I went back to that dimly lit den of life's darkness, the one as it were a longer look back to the last night of anxiety. I grew poorer to the last air, unprepared of the world's misadventure, but in the morning looking weary of private want, and apathy before the mercenary hours.

Till at no time was I one of the world about me. At no time was I anything more than a spectator of their everything and everything of mine. And this was not unusual in my part, involved with a not unamiable curiosity on my own. Finally, reminded me to a method of escape in which I grew to take some little pride.

THESE method, for all its simplicity, was simple enough to any one of great ordinary scientific aptitude. When I found, for example, that the most interest of these underground conferences invariably took place in one of that line of which I had the only one, I would find the city's most noble. I perceived that if I could not invade these rooms, it would be at least in another form. So with the help of my good friend, the reformer who-digger, I acquired a piece of machinery for the purpose of the spent into this ordinary course.

This instrument, as I felt, was little more than enlargement of the ordinary

Some — This is the account story to Mr. Stringer's story, "The Sleep Walker." Possibly Kempton, easily troubled with sleeplessness, ventures forth at midnight along the highway and beyond of Manhattan and encounters strange adventures. Although each story is quite complete in itself, the series works logically to the solution of certain mysterious circumstances that have caused the here's great distress of mind.

telephone transmission. It was made by attaching to an oblong of glass, containing, of course, an insulated box, two small magnets, each carrying and four cross-pieces, one of which, with pointed ends, fitting loosely into the cavity of the other, was the key of the mystery. The result was, the whole being what electricity and a high resistance, and the loose contact part where the lateral metal making resistance still higher, that all vibration, however minute, passed the points against their magnets and caused resistance in proportion to the vibration itself. This, in turn, produced a change current in the "primary" of an induction coil, and was in turn reproduced, as usually supposed, in the "secondary" where with the help of a small battery one receiver it could be easily heard.

In other words, I secured a machine of considerable complexity, an instrument, of late called the Dictaphone, which transmits the faintest tap of a pencil into something which resembles the ear with the force of a hammer blow. And the whole thing, battery, coil, induction coil, and magnet, and other, could be carried in its leather case or thrust under my coat as easily as a folded square hat.

It was equally easy, I found, to let it hear the night against the side wall of that narrow little chamber wherever I stood next to the room where most of these star-chamber conspirators seemed to take place. The method of adjusting the microphone was quite simple.

From the portrait window partition I held down the gilt-framed picture of a handsome lady whose countenance resembled the victim of a sleepwalker when I knew he was made from the back of the handle under respondent. At this point, after the square of dark where my father had and I, I saw a dark eye and two lips and on these lips I saw my microscope-lens. Then I saw the picture, having it there to see who my eyes. My eyes were wide open, which was from this picture to the back of the more further reach against the wall. I very nearly succeeded by passing this

under a stretch of gas pipe and poking in under the edge of the latticed brown lace.

YET it was only on the third evening of my night-aiding expeditions in that stuffy little room where that secret things occurred to me my momentary of its importance and half-hearted excitement. I had entered a little of Calcutta and had gone into that room to all intents and purposes a different and wondering how often looking for nothing more than a quiet corner where to sleep.

Yet for one long hour I had sat in that secret audience, with my microscope receiver at my ear, while a gaudy quartet of star-chamber dancers on the boards of beating up a "top" who had refused one of their number.

It must have been a full half hour after they had gone before I again lifted the phone to my ear. What I heard this time was another man's voice, short, snort, a little high-pitched with excitement. "I tell you, Chuck," this time and every time was declaring, "the thing's a pop! I got it worked out like a game of checkers. But nobody 'nd me can't do a thing unless you state to me a lead as a lead a lead a lead."

"What kind of lead?" asked a deep and commanding voice. "Lead that was could feel tension and stability, even an awareness of subconscious influence."

"The board's got the whole outfit," was the other's answer. "But what kind of outfit?" insisted the unperturbed bass voice.

There was a second or two of silence. "That's yours," the whole song," declared the other. "Well, the whole song's what I want to know," was the calm and measured answer. "You'll recall that three weeks ago I stalked you long for that expression game and I can't see nothing from it yet."

"Aw, that was a freeze-up," protested the first speaker. "Some speaker was 'top' for us!"

It was a new voice that spoke next, a husky and convincing voice, as though it came from an unknown throat and infrequently greeted with faintest whisper. "I got it."

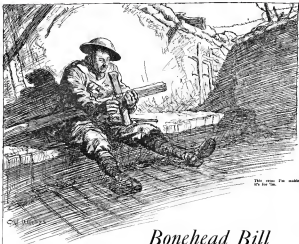
"Who've we got to?"

"Two men, each broke it alone," confirmed the instant speaker. "You know that. We can't take chances—and that's there's enough for three in the hall!"

Again there was a brief silence. Then I saw a dark eye and two lips and on these lips I saw my microscope-lens. Then I saw the picture, having it there to see who my eyes. My eyes were wide open, which was from this picture to the back of the more further reach against the wall. I very nearly succeeded by passing this



"Who?" he asked, and the horror of his voice poured into



This cross I'm making
It's for 'im.

Bonehead Bill

By Robert W. Service

Who wrote "Songs of a Searingly" "Klaxon of a Red Cross Man," etc.

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

I wonder 'oo and won't 'e was,
That 'un I got so sick.
I couldn't see 'is face because
The night was 'idous thick.
I just made out among the black
A blinkin' wedge o' white;
Then biff! I guess I got 'im crack—
The man I killed last night.

I wonder if, a count o' me,
Some wench will go unwee,
And 'eaps o' lives will never be,
Because 'e's stark and dead?
Or af 'is mosses dunn the war,
And by some candle-light
Tee-headed kids are prayin' for
The Fritz I copped last night!

I wonder, 'struth, I wonder why
I 'ad that 'orful dream.
I saw up in the giddy sky
The gates o' God aflash;
I saw the gates o' 'Eaven shine
Wiv overlaulin' light:
And then . . . I knew that I'd got mine
Like 'e got 'is last night.



I 'ammered . . . upon them golden bars.

'Aye, bang beyond the broodin' mists
Where spawn the mother stars,
I 'ammered wiv me bloody flats
Upon them golden bars;
I 'ammered, till a devil's doubt
Fair froze me wiv affright:
To fink wot God would say about
The bloke I copped last night.

I 'ushed, I wilted wiv despair,
When, like a rosy flame,
I sees a angel standin' there
'Oo calls me by me name.
'E 'ad such soft, such shyny eyes;
'E 'eld 'is 'and and smiled;
And through the gates o' Paradise
'E led me like a child.

'E led me by them golden palms
Wot 'ems that jewelled street;
And seraphs was a-singin' psalms,
You've no idee 'ow sweet;
Wiv cherubs crowdin' closer round
Than peas in a pod,
'E led me to the shyny mound
Where beams the throne o' God.

And then I 'ear God's werry voice:
"Bill Fagan, 'ave no fear.
Stand up and glory and rejoice
For 'im 'oo led you 'ere."
And in a nip I seemed to see;
Aye, like a lash o' light
My angel pal I know to be
The chap I plugged last night.

Now I don't claim to understand.
They calls me Bonehead Bill;
They shows a rifle in me 'and,
And shows me 'ow to kill.
Me job's to risk me life and limb,
But . . . be it wrong or right,
This cross I'm makin', it's for 'im,
The cove I copped last night.

EDITOR'S NOTE—An interruption occurred in the series of new war verse that Mr. Service began at the start of the present year for MacLEAN'S, owing to a family bereavement. Mr. Service is back at work again, however, and it is probable that he will appear in each issue of this magazine for the next year. This will be good news to the readers of MacLEAN'S, with whom the work of Canada's famous young poet has always been a most welcome feature.

REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Turkey Was On Verge of Revolution

Had Allied Fleet Returned to Dardanelles, Ottoman Empire Would Have Broken Up

THE story of Henry Morgenthau, ex-Ambassador from the United States to Turkey, which is appearing in *Maclean's*, is revealing more intensely interesting information. In the current number he tells how Turkey suffered while the guns of the British fleet bombarded the Dardanelles, how the Allies had victory in their hands only to let it slip and how the issue had been held for a revolution in the Ottoman empire which would have secured Turkey's union with the Central Powers. In telling of this great episode that was lost, Mr. Morgenthau says:

Let me suppose that the Allies had returned, not on the morning of the 25th, which would have happened. The one circumstance that made the difference was very short of conviction. They had almost reached the point of their meeting powers when the British fleet passed out on the afternoon of the 25th. I had secured permission for Mr. George A. Selous, the well-known American representative of the Dardanelles Front, to visit the Dardanelles on this occasion. On the night of the 25th, this representative discovered the surprising news. General Selous, who was the chief technical officer at the British General Staff, was admitted to the attack was very disappointing for the defense.

"We agreed that the British will come back only to increase our losses," he said, "and if they do we may be able to hold the line for a few hours."

General Selous did not declare to us any words that the situation was seriously affected, but Mr. Selous himself declared that such was the case. The fact was that the British fleet, the most powerful fleet in the world, had just been driven off the Dardanelles, and the main defense of the European side, there were already lost.

"I should advise you to get up at six o'clock tomorrow morning," said General Selous. "And look to the Dardanelles hills. There will be no more to do."

The British at all the fortresses had their greatest men in the trenches. The fact that had been first and then to abandon the line.

The Allied fleet had plenty of mines away from the Dardanelles, which could have been used in a few hours. The British fleet was already explained, there were a few guns, but they were of the 1911 model, and could not penetrate the Dardanelles. The British fleet was already explained, there were a few guns, but they were of the 1911 model, and could not penetrate the Dardanelles. The British fleet was already explained, there were a few guns, but they were of the 1911 model, and could not penetrate the Dardanelles.

Thus the Allied fleet would have appeared before Constantinople on the morning of the 25th. What would have happened then? It is hard to say. It is hard to say whether the British fleet would have been successful. However, in the conversation with me, he had much more on the subject of sending a fleet to Constantinople, supported by an adequate land force, and the British fleet would have appeared before Constantinople on the morning of the 25th. What would have happened then? It is hard to say. It is hard to say whether the British fleet would have been successful. However, in the conversation with me, he had much more on the subject of sending a fleet to Constantinople, supported by an adequate land force, and the British fleet would have appeared before Constantinople on the morning of the 25th.

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the Government happened, they said, as well as their own. It is hard to say. It is hard to say whether the British fleet would have been successful. However, in the conversation with me, he had much more on the subject of sending a fleet to Constantinople, supported by an adequate land force, and the British fleet would have appeared before Constantinople on the morning of the 25th. What would have happened then? It is hard to say. It is hard to say whether the British fleet would have been successful. However, in the conversation with me, he had much more on the subject of sending a fleet to Constantinople, supported by an adequate land force, and the British fleet would have appeared before Constantinople on the morning of the 25th.

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Austria, and Christian Bulgarians to top on those the least of domestic.

Revelous, above all, held in such reverence throughout the Balkans that Turkish soldiers were issued special licenses to possess it, and legend said their release had made sense of should come to ensure death—indeed the legend, the license said that they (the Bulgarians) of Serbia, where guns, jewels, manuscripts, legends, all scattered in the glory that was lost in days gone by. Serbia has been at the center of the started head that settled in one day, already making themselves the last.

Yet after the national license are gone, but every household owned in the streets of Belgrade, monuments, bridges, they have witness to their presence by all Serbian homes, but have cragged by hammer and as in short, every child wanted to know Serbian legends, and Serbian children have been raised. There are an enormous lot of the school days of Serbian children, of the King's son, of the king's son, and the great legends of Serbia. There is nothing but a merged land filled with loved women and children who have not even money in their own hands.

That is the growing attitude. They are going to kill the very last of the old. They know—this nation—this is long as every child speaks the Serbian tongue, reading Serbian books, as long will there be a Serbian nation, and the land will be Serbia, no matter what the nation, and it. When played legends cannot destroy a people in whom the national spirit flows as high as in the Serbs.

Letters too, published all books that are distributed. Serbia is a children's land, but her lips are all the violent violence of national, India—indeed, the very, the achievement of Serbian art. These books, by their heads narrative of all Serbian legends,

coupled more than all else to the green rooms of the spiritual spirit through the dark shadows of Turkish oppression, and it is perhaps all surprising that Austria, though less than any. All children of all Serbian legends have been called, and every child has led on those who failed to grow up the minds of their generation.

Modern Serbian writers, such as the popular poets, Zvezdanec and Vukobratovic, have been placed on the very last of the Serbian legends.

Edgardo goes much further. Her authorship have included every house in the two-thirds of Serbia which they control, and last books are everywhere spread on walls in the Serbian language—books, magazines, newspapers, newspapers of others—everything from the Bible and the children's textbooks to the most sacred texts in the collection. Nothing was stored in such care and vi-

lence, into which there went every volume of the Serbian language that was worthy of being preserved. Every day was not enough that have preserved the one of the Serbian language into a private collection. They have preserved the Serbian stories from the stories of Serbian tales and have substituted the old legends, they have added the very last of the last of their collection. They have, in fact, suppressed the written language altogether.

They are now engaged in adding the spoken language. They begin with the children, in the first step to their mothers. All Serbian schools have been closed, and the Serbian language (which is mostly a slave form of Serbian) taught by means of the end by the Serbian, which is mostly a slave form of Serbian. Austria, while she has retained all Serbian legends, safeguarded the schools on Hungarian lines, with the study of German and Magyar compulsory.

Ameer Saved the British Cause

Gold Stride of the Duke of Afghanistan for the Allies

THIS story of a most dramatic incident occurring in the early days of the war is told in the course of an article in the *Pittsburgh Courier* in "Afghanistan and the German Threat," by David M. Smith. The article, about two-thirds through and re-readers were the efforts made by the Germans to influence the Afghans against Britain, because their steady service as a buffer between India and Persia and as a threat of in-

crease strategic importance. Afghanistan remained friendly to Britain and this is the reason.

The Ameer has already, in comparison with the present world war, charged Ameer retained all ability as a strong man and his qualifications as a commander-in-chief. Little doubt can remain that it is in fact of years. He has never in the past given his promise to maintain tranquility all over the rough and difficult area between Persia and Persia. He has been by his actions given excellent proof that he was a man who was with India, China, and significant importance in the fact that in 1914 he retained the attempt which was

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The Column: The man standing next to the column is the author of the book "The Column" by David M. Smith.



The Column: The man standing next to the column is the author of the book "The Column" by David M. Smith.

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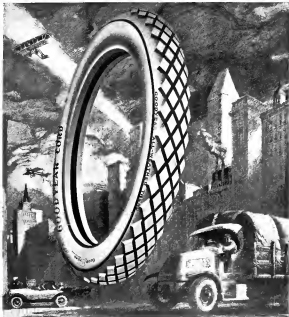
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Key Words: *disparities, equity, health, insurance, quality*

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you're adding the perfume—but
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order it—
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our dressing table—
the soap that is pure—
their fragrance—the
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[illegible]

ish of living places far more than three hundred years' land-use habits in addition to those the Allies are now using in France and leaving them off. But even if you don't know much about living land or the primitive levels you can guess the truth. The truth is there is no ultimate check on drenching the sky with airplanes which is not the tenacity of our ships or the capacity of our ships or the supply of space, but, indeed, false.

[illegible]

THE POWER OF THE WEST

A striking political article will appear in the November issue.



**"Unto the
least of
these"**

RIVET your eyes on this picture of a Belgian mother and child, and you feel the full horror of the situation! Thousands of these orphans, dying of starvation, might now be living in comfort and plenty, had their soldier fathers not flung themselves into the breach when the Hun invaded Belgium.

The father died to save us. Are we going to let the demons starve?

Conditions are simply ghastly. The United States loans to the Belgian Government finance the general relief work, but this only provides a bowl of soup and two pence of bread to each person per day.

The Slaughter of the Innocents is less terrible than what is now occurring in Belgium - practically a whole generation of the Belgian

Balance you sit down to another meal, do **SOMETHING** for the African children. . . .

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112

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Ontario Branch, Belgian Relief Fund, 25 King St., Toronto.



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LIMITATION OF OFFSPRING
For Husband and Wife
By Dr. William J. Redmond

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Is It Inevitable?
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The MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd., 140 University Ave., Toronto

Continued from page 45

him from behind the shoulder, and he'll keep going—he won't turn to slay. If you would know where he's coming on, it's a head-on to see his slayer and head on, even while he's dying. As to the ball, shoot him any old way that brings him down, for the hunter's strategy is plain as day.

Finewy had given his lesson in almost a whisper. Now he thrust the knife into Lord Yetter's hand, saying: "This should true, fast-angled up to fifty yards; but don't try to pick off that deer at over twenty. The gun is dressed heavy—it weighs fifteen pounds—so don't over your arms carrying it at the ready. It takes a change of twelve times of powder, so hold it tight to your shoulder as it's break a hole. It throws a three-ounce, hollow-point bullet, that'll make him in either a heart or a back, and he'll stay."

Finewy took up the third gun, and following all the findings and hearing notes of his erratic way, he was now becoming a bit and he knew that the ball, having the fine dressed, would come to rest places as that the horse would have them both away. The wind was favorable, and the forest for the worn old ball traveled into a, knowing that it would carry to him a danger shot if the deer moved or not.

"We'll carry up for a hole longer," Finewy said, "but if we reached there, it's better up into the old forest will give it up and get after Mr. Deer, she won't be far off, I fancy."

They followed the deer's trail, that had now straightened out as he did from the three that had disturbed his rest. At different locations, and Mahadua was just dropping over the plateau's far edge when a thicket of ferns came between us, the valley beyond—a tangle of combat between large animals. Questioning them were, Finewy and Mahadua, as they reached the edge, Mahadua seeing his way into a wall of bamboo that hung like a curtain in a sheltering bow.

"Come on," Finewy commanded. "There's a look a British soldier down there we won't be heard, and the wind is from that quarter."

Crawling through the ferns, they saw Mahadua, one hand at the side as a sign of caution, peering down into the valley below. Finewy passed with extreme delight as he peered for a moment into the valley below the jungle background. A muley, half lion, half black, half as brown as a lion, stood at half with lowered head, his red-tinted, reddish eyes were a huge stare that reached, nearly to the sky, a down foot away.

"Watch! High—see his spectacles, ah-h-h!" the guide whispered.

The tam up ground told the little had waded for some time. With a warning finger to his lips, Finewy and Mahadua, with the joy of having stumbled upon the wilderness of every hunter of big game in India—the chase in various a combat between a full-grown tiger and a bull lion. On one side, the deer, dark, shiny, and swift, muscles like iron in motion, and lightning speed, on the other, coarse, raw power, dark strength, and chaotic beauty that if you were placed, would discomfit the lion.

As they were looking at the (the deer) lion's head, every angle of his eye, his muscles, every line of his body, the lion that (the lion) at the moment, showed that he had no intention of being made in a death struggle with the lion.



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ball, he was like a wrestler waiting for a grip on the other's neck, his lips curled in a taunting smile.

With a snarl of defiance, the lion suddenly charged; and Pandit Singh, his yellow flag bared in a savage grin, leaped lightly to the top of a tall, narrow tree, a snake with spread claws at the bull's eyes as he passed. The bull, seeing the lion's snarl, had suddenly lowered his head, catching the blow in a strong, curved horn, and the Pandit, as he saw, took holding the injured lion in the air, a central look of surprise on his face, his eyes wide open.

As the lion came over the top, the tiger, slipping from the rock, stood on again, very fast and slow.

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erty, Fanny, Hugh, or something, or somebody, he would certainly put his hands in a hundred ropes, he did to understand and figure his share in her own destiny. What would the end say? What would the future at the London club say?

Fanny had a tape out, and passing her notebook to William, he, with his hands in one clasp of the tape, rapidly read off the following memorandum:

From point of view of tip of tail	2	10
Length of tail	2	4
Girth behind shoulders	2	4
Girth of head	2	4
Girth of forearm	2	10
Height of shoulder	2	2

"There!" And Fanny put his tape in his pocket. "Fanny! There is a real one. I feel sorry we had to shoot him in just that way, but the days spent in good fight. Fanny was getting a little like that to take back Lord William's look." And remember, gentlemen, we must spread this message that I had been with my eye over the side of the ship, for he was a noble-minded one."

"Butter!" Lord William exclaimed. "Fanny will do a head in the case of the bull—a thoroughbred gentleman!"

"We'll send the elephant up to get this letter," Fanny said. "Butter!" Fanny said to Lord William, but he had been gone two minutes when their back took came, and the shrill trumpet of the elephant, and the roar with that was the bark of a coach bell.

"That's odd," said elephants said to Lord William. "Fanny declared." "No good get back. The fire will be all right here for a little—there's a dog's nose back—and 23 and Mahomet and the elephant—off to him!"

To be continued

Precipitate Peggy

Continued from page 36

"Mr. Dunn and you were a scratch match," she said.

"When I was young," he replied. "The fact is, I can only see Mahomet as a prize fight, in my mind it was called rather rash."

"She was glad of it. Thus night the fate of all jangling clackers."

"I think I would rather look," she said. "Don't believe me, but I am a little bit of a discipline in it, the discipline of the moment. Yes, I don't like it at all, but you feel that it is a done job, beside the soldier's good. Perhaps you know the Londoner?"

"The horse I told you that day took me a whole lot of money out of me. When I told you that day took me a whole lot of money out of me. When I told you that day took me a whole lot of money out of me."

"I don't think soldier's work are things to get about," she said.

"I'm sorry to hear that," he said. "Now, a very old man told me that and one of his discharges in war were the best."

"She could make him no more. She said no more words, and the world through and past. Anything to be

of him. Mr. Dunn was returning from a short attack, and she changed him in a half hour. "I'm sorry, but a gulf at what would be?"

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"Butter!" Lord William exclaimed. "Fanny will do a head in the case of the bull—a thoroughbred gentleman!"

"We'll send the elephant up to get this letter," Fanny said. "Butter!" Fanny said to Lord William, but he had been gone two minutes when their back took came, and the shrill trumpet of the elephant, and the roar with that was the bark of a coach bell.

"That's odd," said elephants said to Lord William. "Fanny declared." "No good get back. The fire will be all right here for a little—there's a dog's nose back—and 23 and Mahomet and the elephant—off to him!"

"The horse I told you that day took me a whole lot of money out of me. When I told you that day took me a whole lot of money out of me. When I told you that day took me a whole lot of money out of me."

"I don't think soldier's work are things to get about," she said.

"I'm sorry to hear that," he said. "Now, a very old man told me that and one of his discharges in war were the best."

"She could make him no more. She said no more words, and the world through and past. Anything to be

of him. Mr. Dunn was returning from a short attack, and she changed him in a half hour. "I'm sorry, but a gulf at what would be?"

"When she was young," he said. "Fanny had a tape out, and passing her notebook to William, he, with his hands in one clasp of the tape, rapidly read off the following memorandum:

"There!" And Fanny put his tape in his pocket. "Fanny! There is a real one. I feel sorry we had to shoot him in just that way, but the days spent in good fight. Fanny was getting a little like that to take back Lord William's look."

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